

Salty Neon Lights

By Joanne Chapman

Take a step outside your door toward hearts of thing's all
It's not far, journey a mile or two or three
Don't forget to pause, glance near and far
You'll find a sea of technicolor reverie

Bright glow of neon here and there
Some an echo, faded, lost to history
Ghosts of City Creek wagons
Like the pioneers, beyond young memory

A lake of salt that gave its name
Brushed by mountains grand and wide
A city that rose above scrub brush and pain
Lit by pioneer venture and courage and pride

Temple City, a shine against the backdrop of night
Glowing again after years dark
Historic landmarks that deserve a fight
Before big business leaves its mark

Step by step down a city street
Perhaps dreams are made of glow and color
Salty neon lights to greet
Each of us, one after the other